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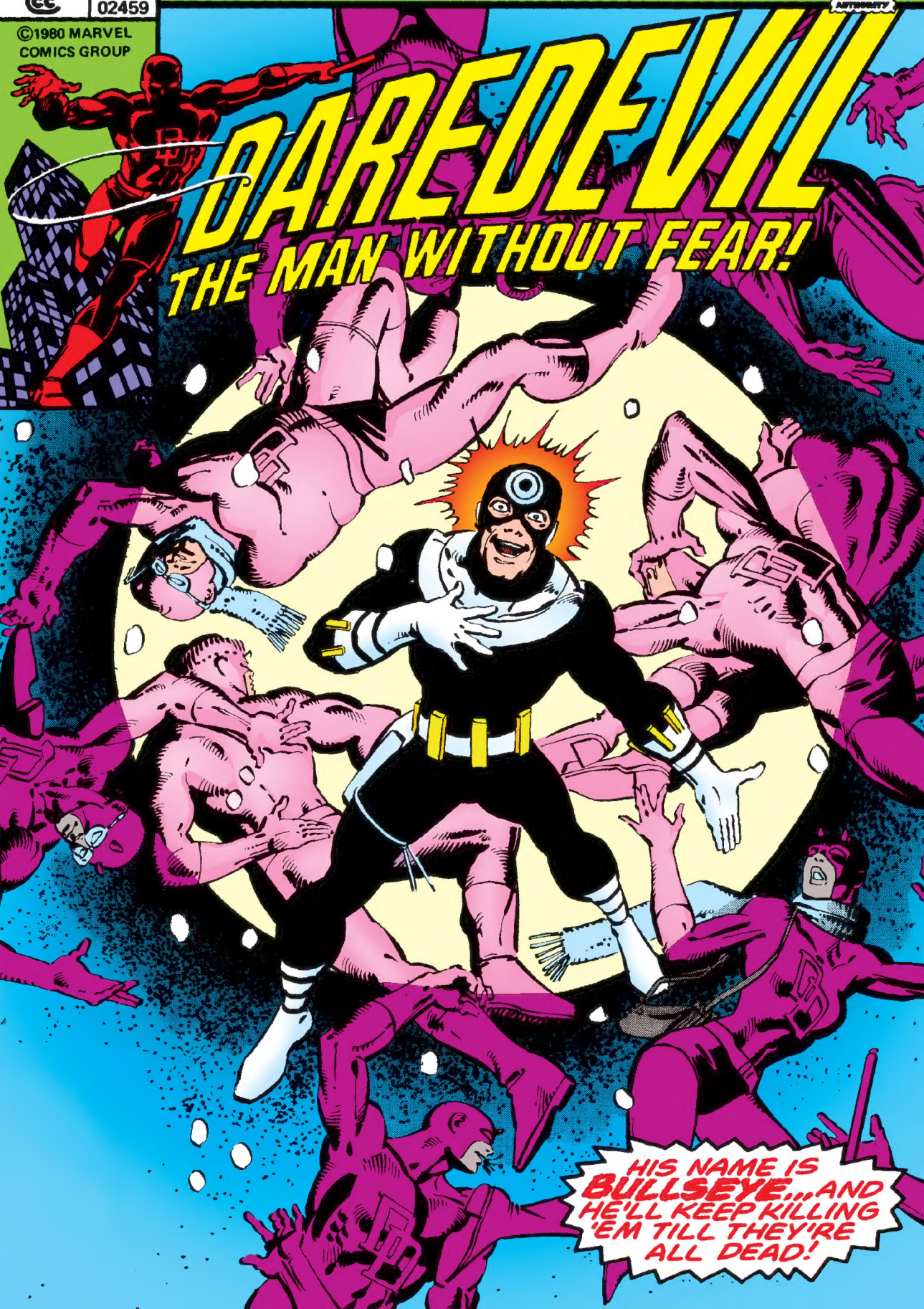
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# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

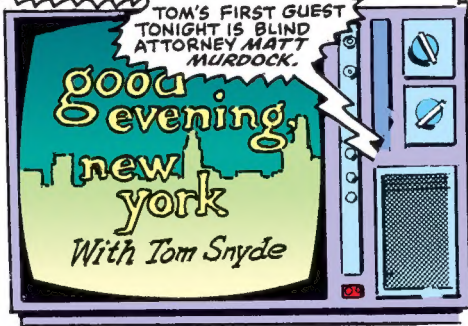


HIS NAME IS  
**BULLSEYE...** AND  
HE'LL KEEP KILLING  
'EM TILL THEY'RE  
ALL DEAD!



# Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BROADCAST LIVE FROM  
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN,  
IT'S GOOD EVENING,  
NEW YORK!



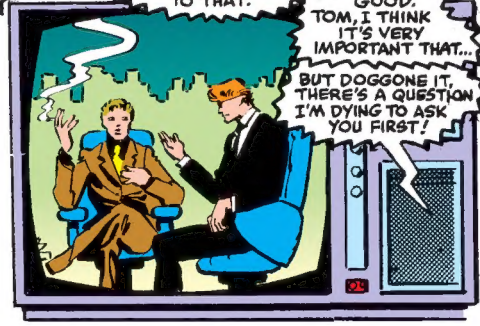
TOM'S FIRST GUEST  
TONIGHT IS BLIND  
ATTORNEY **MATT  
MURDOCK**.

GOOD  
EVENING,  
MATT.  
WELCOME  
TO THE  
SHOW.

THANK  
YOU,  
TOM. I...

OF COURSE, YOUR RECENT  
INVOLVEMENT IN THE  
CONTROVERSIAL **ANGEL DUST**  
MURDERS IS VERY MUCH ON  
EVERYONE'S MIND, MATT.  
WE'LL GET RIGHT  
TO THAT.

GOOD,  
TOM, I THINK  
IT'S VERY  
IMPORTANT THAT...  
BUT DOGGONE IT,  
THERE'S A QUESTION  
I'M DYING TO ASK  
YOU FIRST!

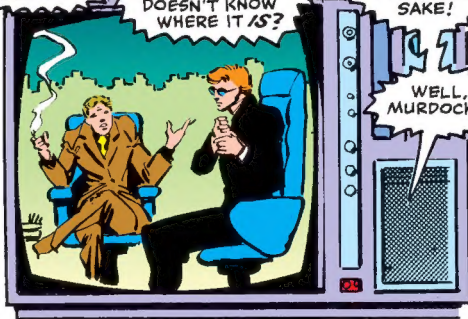


I WON'T  
BEAT AROUND  
THE BUSH,  
MATT. YOU'RE  
**BLIND**.

WHAT I'D LIKE TO  
KNOW, MATT, IS HOW  
THE HECK CAN A BLIND  
LAWYER ADDRESS A  
JURY WHEN HE  
DOESN'T KNOW  
WHERE IT IS?

YOU COULD  
BE FACING THE  
WRONG SIDE  
OF THE ROOM,  
FOR PETE'S  
SAKE!

WELL,  
MURDOCK?...

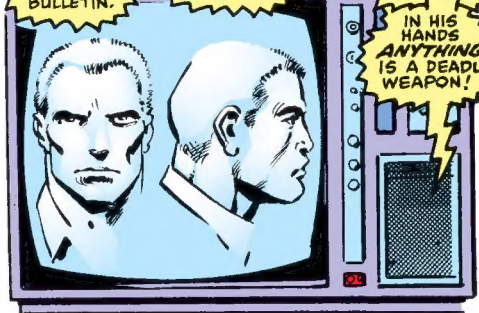


WE  
INTERRUPT  
THIS PROGRAM  
TO BRING YOU  
A SPECIAL  
NEWS  
BULLETIN.

**BULLSEYE**, THE WORLD'S  
DEADLIEST ASSASSIN,  
HAS ESCAPED FROM  
A MIDTOWN HOSPITAL  
AS HE WAS ABOUT  
TO UNDERGO  
SURGERY.

IF YOU SEE  
THIS MAN,  
CALL THE  
POLICE. HE IS  
NOT ARMED,  
BUT IS  
EXTREMELY  
DANGEROUS.

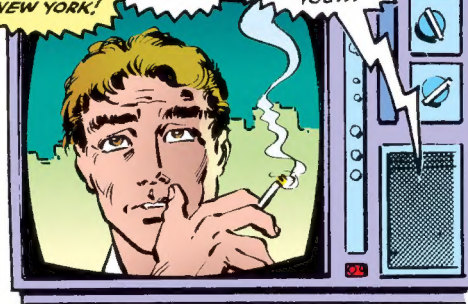
IN HIS  
HANDS  
**ANYTHING**  
IS A DEADLY  
WEAPON!



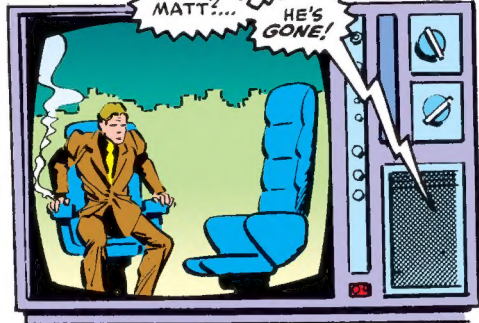
WE NOW  
RETURN YOU  
TO **GOOD  
EVENING,  
NEW YORK!**

WASN'T  
THAT A  
THRILL...

NOW, MATT, YOU  
WERE ABOUT TO  
TELL ME HOW  
YOU...



MATT?...  
HE'S  
**GONE!**





**YEARS LATER, HIS FATHER'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF GANGSTERS COMPELLED HIM TO BATTLE INJUSTICE AS...**

HOW'D YOU  
GET PAST  
MY MEN?

WHAT HAPPEN  
HERE?

FAR AS WE CAN TELL, BULLSEYE HELD HIS BREATH WHEN ANESTHETIZED. THEN HE GRABBED A SCALPEL AND CUT A PATH TO FREEDOM THROUGH THE SURGICAL TEAM--AND THROUGH THREE OF MY MEN.

I'M GETTING TOO OLD  
FER THIS STUFF...



WE'VE GOT TO  
FIND HIM, NICK.

FROM WHAT I HEAR,  
HE'LL BE TRYING TO  
FIND YOU. HE HATES  
YOU A WHOLE LOT.

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT.  
AND YOU KNOW IT.

BULLSEYE IS A HOMICIDAL  
MANIAC, IF ANYONE  
SHOULD CROSS HIM...

THAT'S  
ONLY  
PART  
OF IT,  
DARE-  
DEVIL!

IN HIS PRESENT STATE, BULLSEYE  
WON'T NEED ANY PROVOCATION.

I'M DR. GLOSS.  
I RUN THIS PLACE.

COME UP TO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

HE PUTS HIS  
HAND TO HIS  
MOUTH AND  
TRIES NOT  
TO SCREAM.

THEY'VE DONE IT!  
THEY'VE FINALLY  
DONE IT!

TIMES SQUARE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS SURROUND HIM, IGNORE HIM, PASS HIM BY. BUT THAT IS NOT HOW HE SEES IT.

HE IS INSANE--AND TO HIM,  
NEW YORK IS A CITY POSSESSED!

THE DEVILS  
HAVE TAKEN

HE HAS HAD MANY NAMES.  
ONE OF THEM IS BULLSEYE.

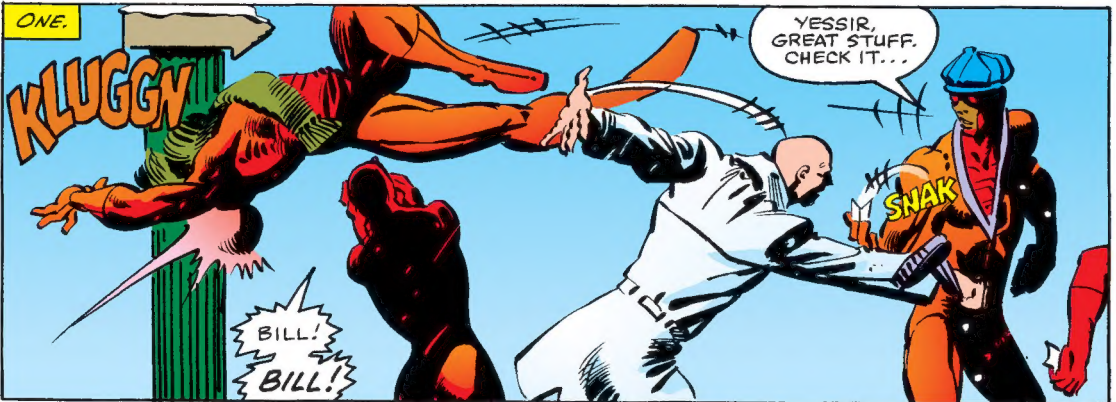
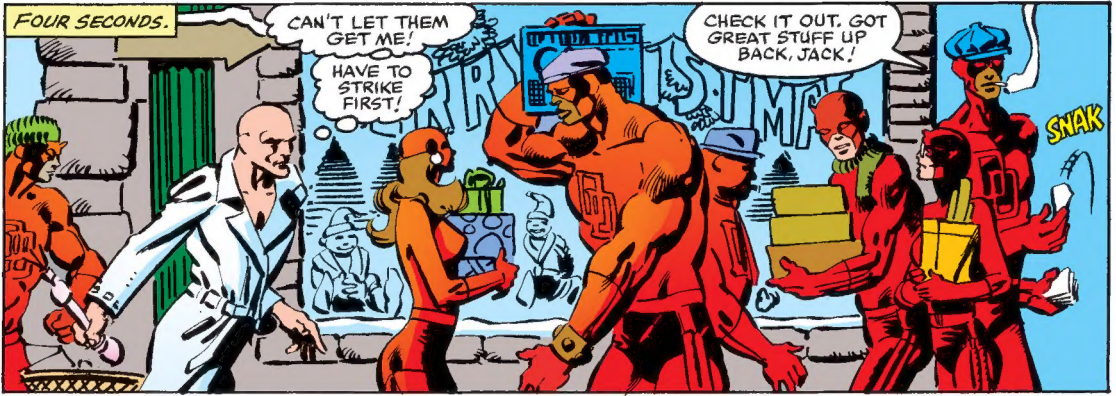
BY PROFESSION, HE IS A KILLER-FOR-HIRE. AND EVEN AMONG HIS FELLOW PROFESSIONALS, HE IS FEARED.

IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS, YOU WILL DISCOVER **WHY**.

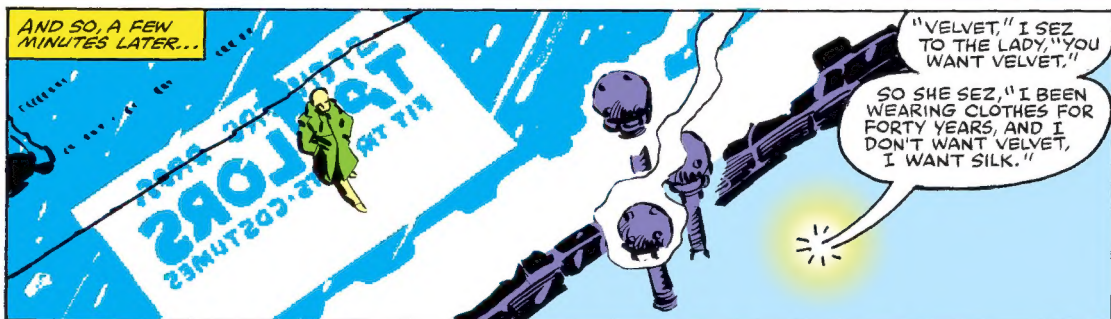
# DEVILS

FRANK MILLER • KLAUS JANSON • GLYNIS WEIN • JOE ROSEN • DENNY O'NEIL • JIM SHOOTER  
WRITER/PENCILLER INKER COLORIST LETTERER EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF

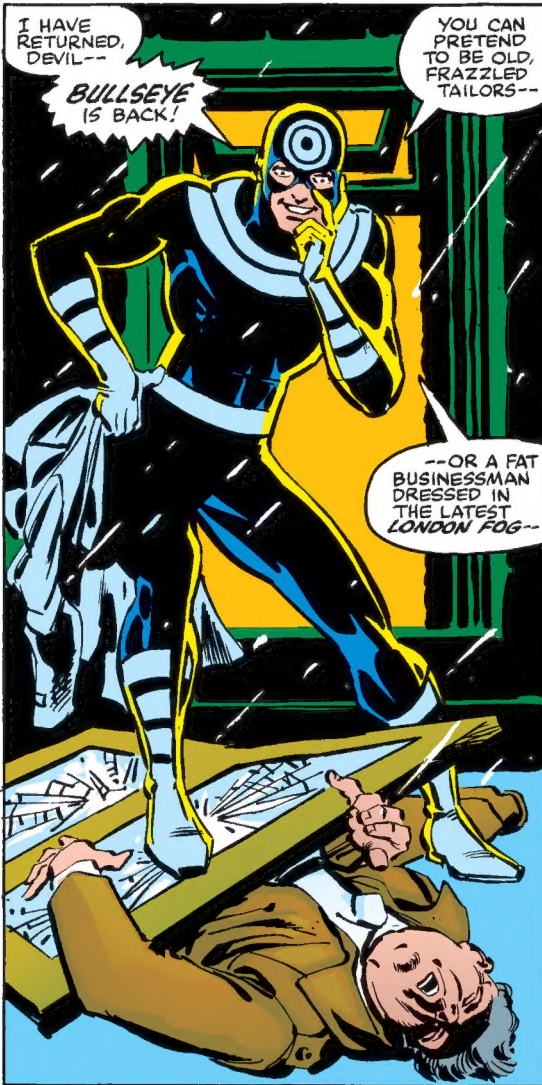














**MEANWHILE...**

BULLSEYE BECAME MORE ERRATIC--AND VIOLENT--AFTER YOU LAST BROUGHT HIM IN, DAREDEVIL.

HE WAS MOVED HERE TO SEE IF WE COULD FIND A MEDICAL REASON FOR HIS BEHAVIOR. WE DID.

BULLSEYE HAS A CANCEROUS GROWTH--A TUMOR--IN HIS BRAIN, WHICH CAUSES HIM TO SUFFER AGONIZING HEADACHES, AS WELL AS HALLUCINATIONS.

THIS TUMOR WAS PROBABLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS EMOTIONAL COLLAPSE AT CONEY ISLAND.\*

THAT DID SEEM ODD AT THE TIME... DOCTOR, YOU MENTIONED HALLUCINATIONS. WHAT KIND?

\*DD #161--DENNY.

BULLSEYE IS OBSESSED WITH HIS DEFEAT AT YOUR HANDS, DAREDEVIL.

DURING HIS HEADACHES, HE PERCEIVES EVERYONE AROUND HIM TO BE YOU. THREE WEEKS AGO, HE ATTACKED A NURSE AND ALMOST MURDERED THE POOR WOMAN.

HE WAS SCREAMING YOUR NAME AS HE WAS SEDATED.

HIS HEADACHES WERE BECOMING MORE FREQUENT WHEN WE DECIDED TO OPERATE.

IF THAT TUMOR IS NOT REMOVED HE WILL DIE--AND SOON.

THAT'D BE A REAL LOSS TO SOCIETY.

ANY DEATH IS A LOSS, MANOLIS.

NUTS. KILLING IS LIKE BREATHING TO THAT SLIME. HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE.

THAT'S NOT FOR EITHER OF US TO DECIDE. WE HAVE TO SAVE HIM.

EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT.

IT'S BULLSEYE. HE'S ALREADY STARTED.

STRUCK DOWN THREE PEOPLE IN TIMES SQUARE.

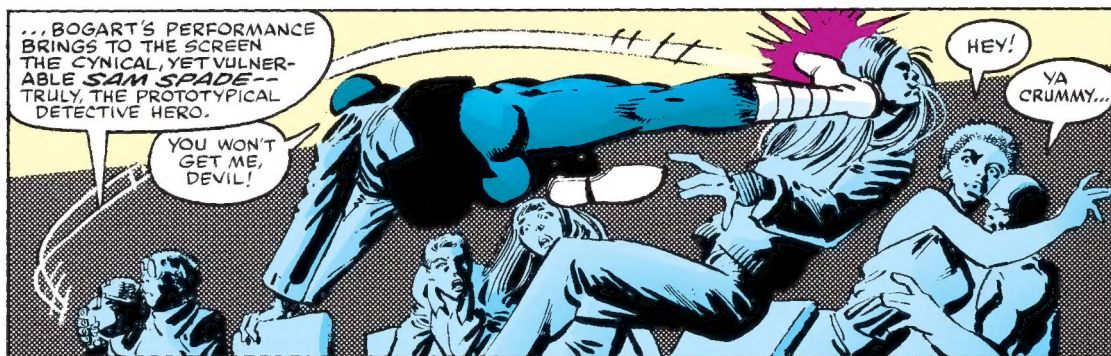
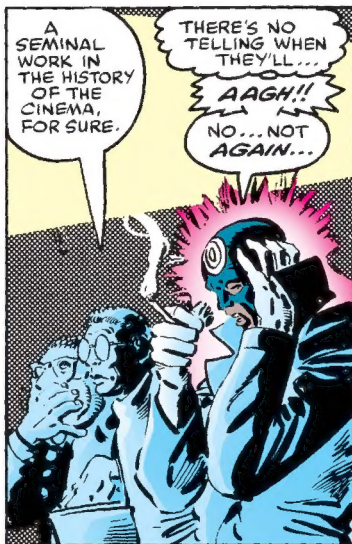
WITNESSES SAY HE WAS YELLING SOMETHING ABOUT "DEVILS"...

TIMES SQUARE IS DOTTED WITH SMALL, SHOEBOX-SHAPED MOVIE THEATRES. IN ONE OF THEM...

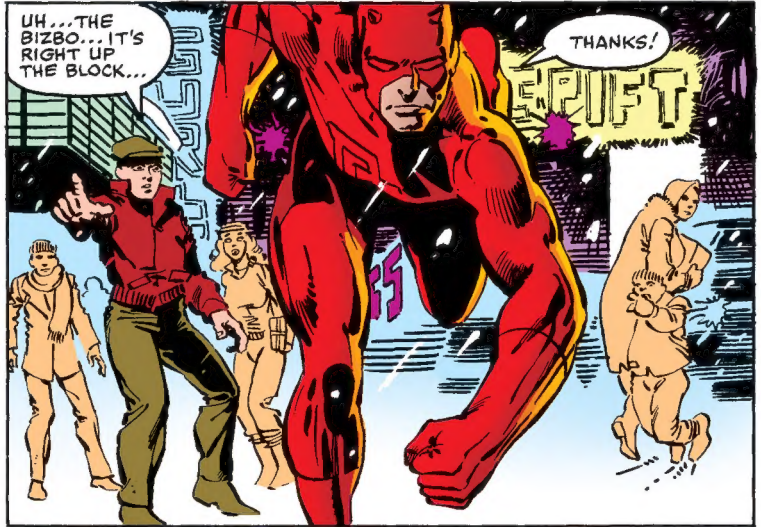
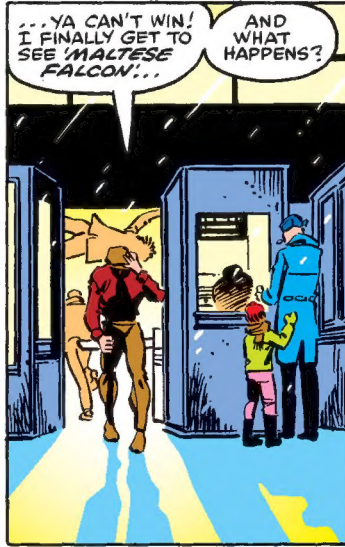
DEVILS! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE! BUT THEY'RE HIDING...AND SO AM I...

With HUMPHREY BOGART MARY ASTOR GLADYS GEORGE PETER LORRE

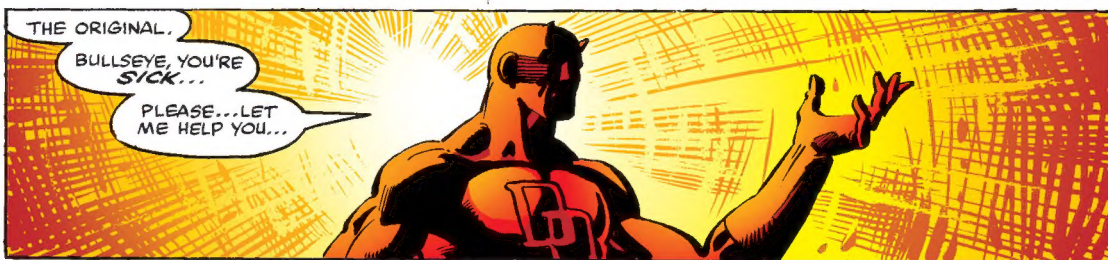
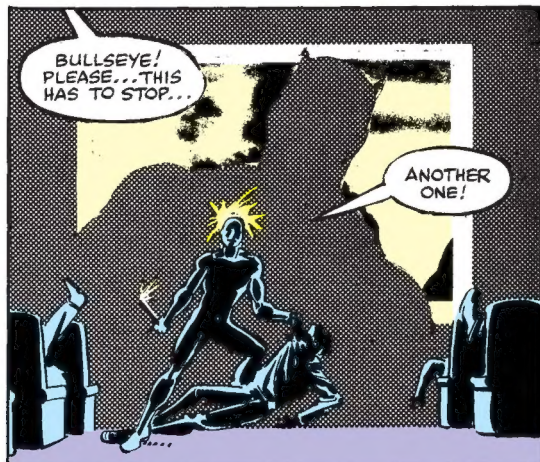
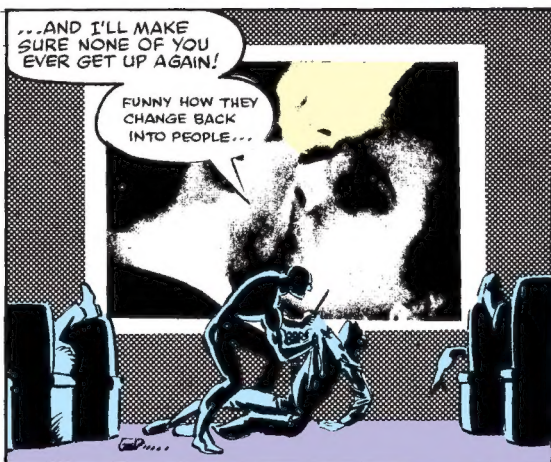




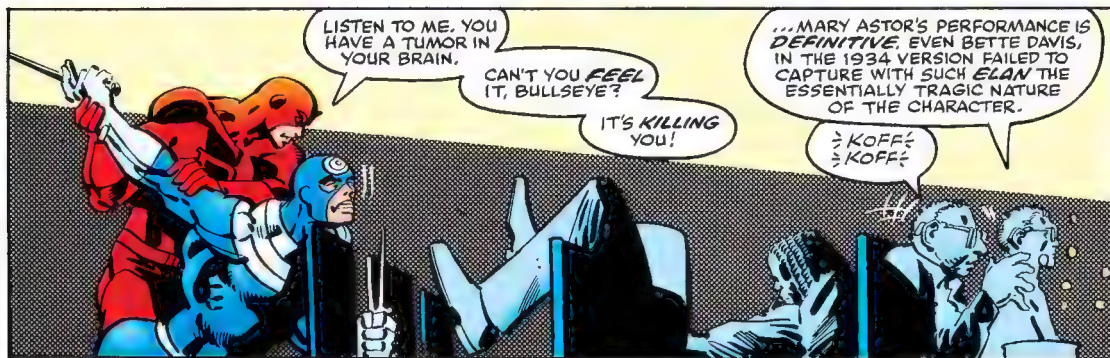
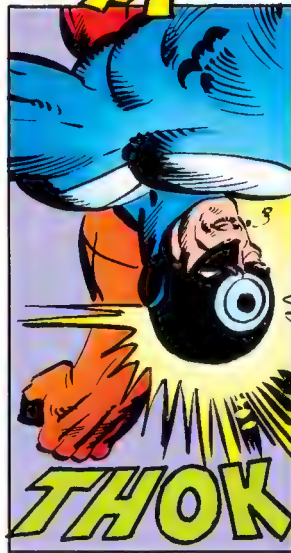
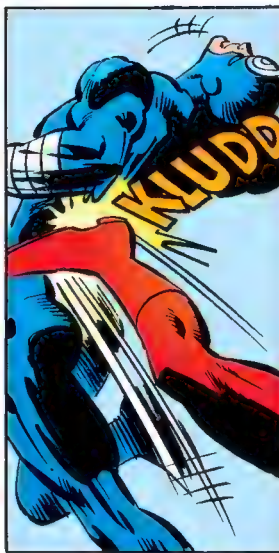




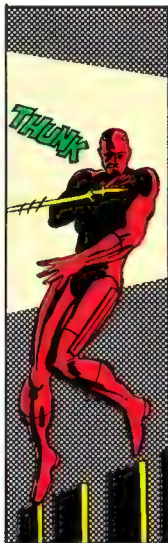
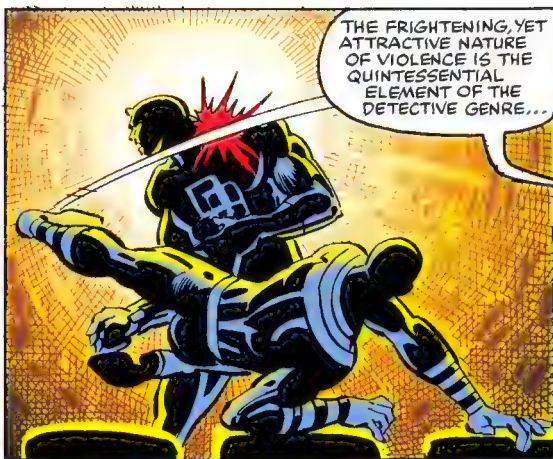














AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A  
SLENDER FORM DROPS LIGHTLY  
TO THE ROOFTOP OF MATT  
MURDOCK'S UPPER EAST SIDE  
BROWNSTONE.



THIS IS ELEKTRA--  
A RUTHLESS, LAWLESS  
BOUNTY HUNTER.



SHE WONDERES WHY SHE  
HAS COME HERE.

IS IT BECAUSE MATT MURDOCK IS  
DAREDEVIL-- AND DAREDEVIL  
RECENTLY DEPRIVED HER OF A  
VALUABLE BOUNTY? \*



\*LAST  
ISSUE.



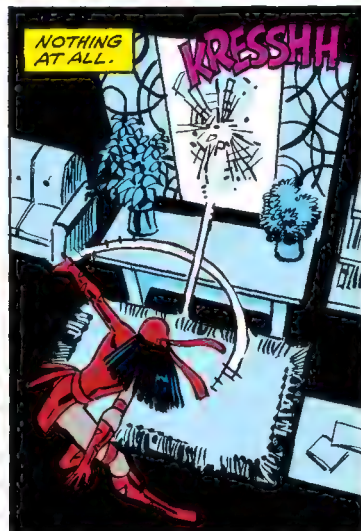
NO, IT IS BECAUSE  
DAREDEVIL IS MATT  
MURDOCK-- THE ONLY  
MAN SHE HAS EVER  
LOVED.

BUT THAT WAS YEARS AGO.  
THERE SHOULD BE NOTHING  
LEFT OF THAT.

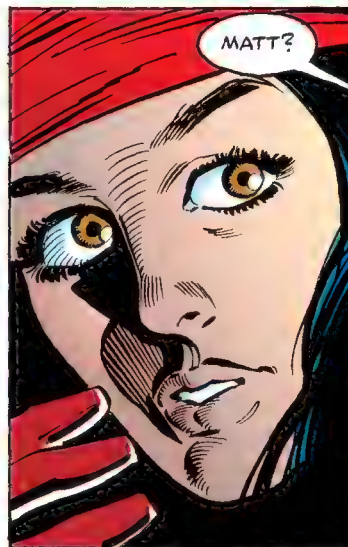


TO MATT--  
ALL MY LOVE  
- HEATHER

NOTHING  
AT ALL.



KRESSHH



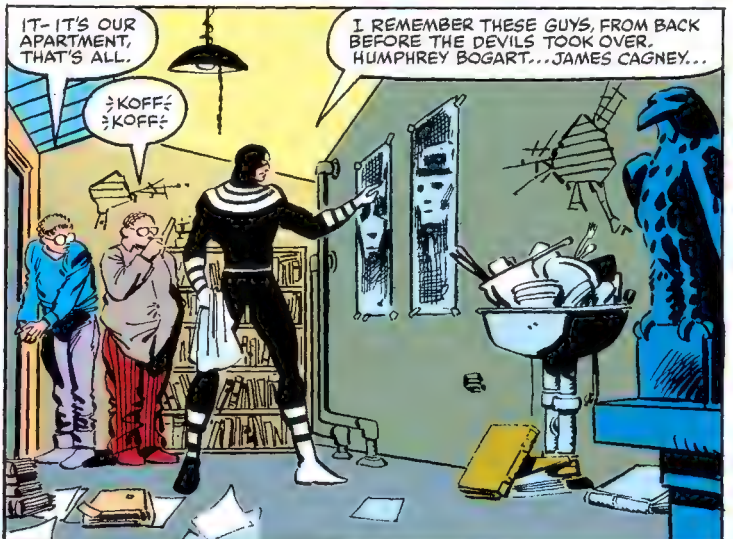
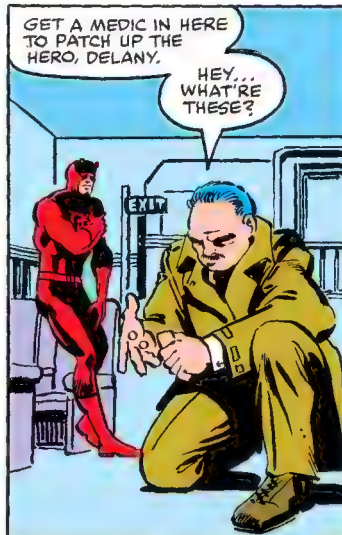
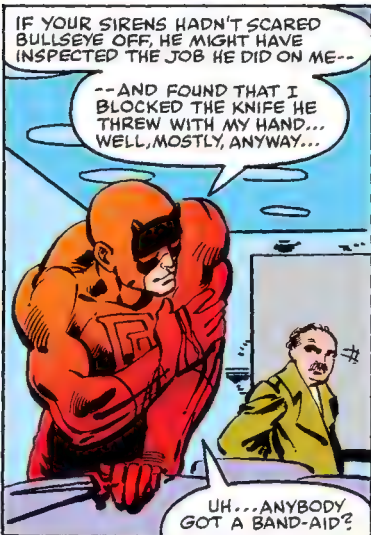
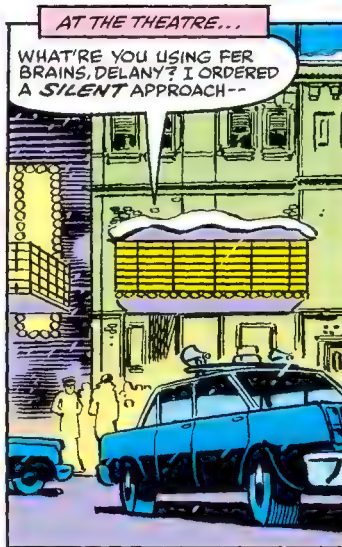
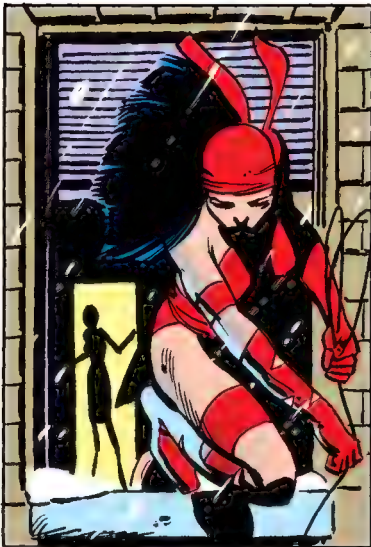
MATT?



÷YAWN÷

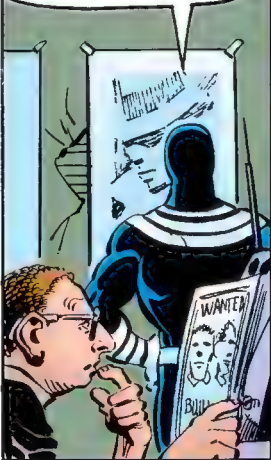
MATT, IS  
THAT YOU?



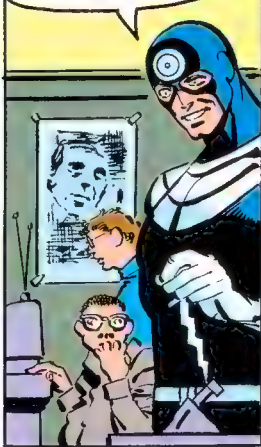




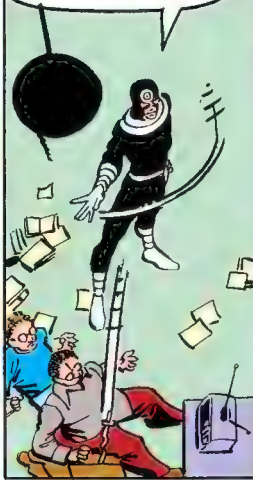
YEAH...THEY'RE FROM THE MOVIES I SAW WHEN I WAS A KID. I GOT A BIG KICK OUT OF THESE GUYS...



THAT WAS BEFORE I LEARNED THAT IT'S *ONLY* IN THE MOVIES THAT YOU WIN JUST BY BEING A GOOD BOY.



IN REAL LIFE, IF HE'S QUICK AND SMART AND NASTY ENOUGH--



--THE BAD GUY WINS!



OUTSIDE THE THEATRE...

START AN APARTMENT-BY-APARTMENT SEARCH, BULLS IS PROBABLY HOLED UP IN THE AREA.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH HIM, MEN. HE'S A KILLER, AND HE'S CRAZY.



MY SUPER-SENSITIVE FINGERS CAN READ THE PRESCRIPTION ON THIS BOTTLE..." TAKE TWELVE TIMES DAILY!"



WHEW! THE LOZENGES ARE MEDICATED--HEAVILY! THAT GUY MUST HAVE A SERIOUS THROAT CONDITION,



HAMMM...BULLSEYE SMOKES CIGARETTES, AND HE'S HIDING WITH SOMEONE WHO HAS A BAD THROAT...A CONDITION THAT WOULD GET WORSE WITHOUT THE LOZENGES.

IT'S A SLIM LEAD, BUT IT'S ALL I HAVE.



...AND IT'S GONNA TAKE EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THIS LOONIE. WE GOTTA BE ALERT--STAY ON OUR TOES.

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, DELANY?



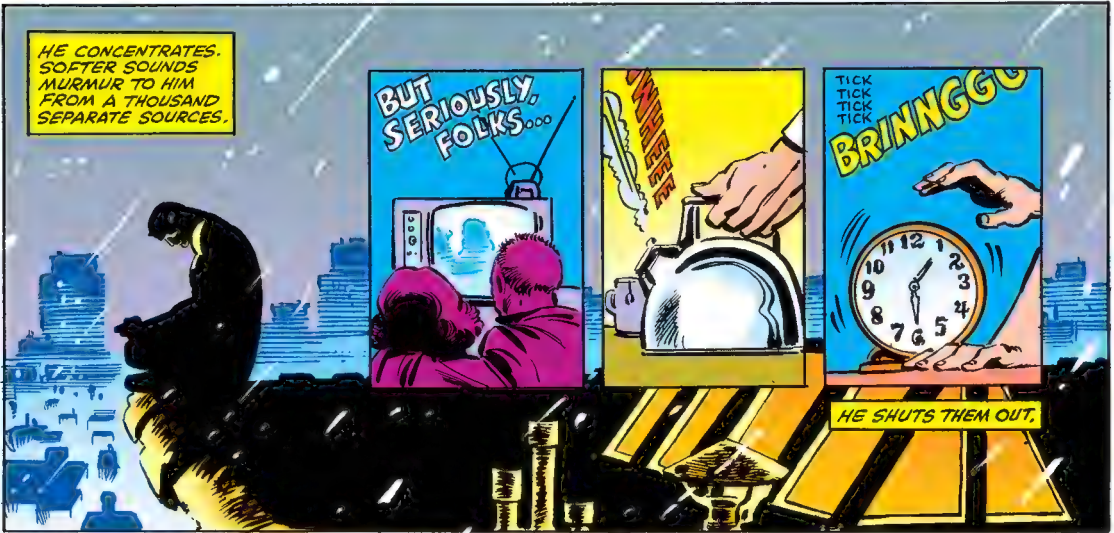
SHORTLY...

OKAY, DD. SO YOU'RE A HOT SHOT SUPER HERO. SO YOU CAN TOUCH, TASTE, SMELL, AND HEAR, BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH.

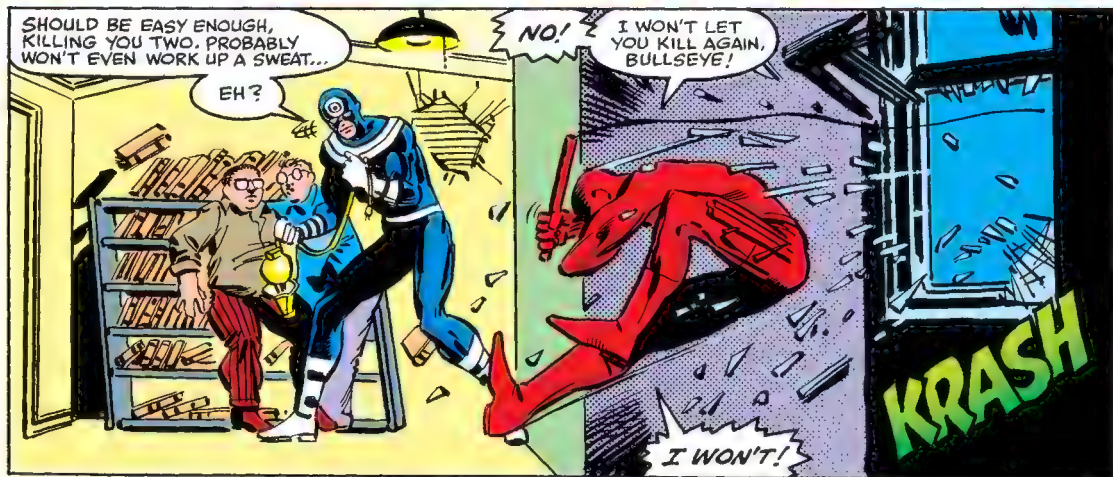
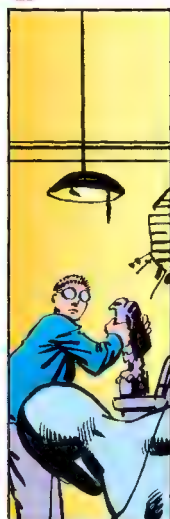
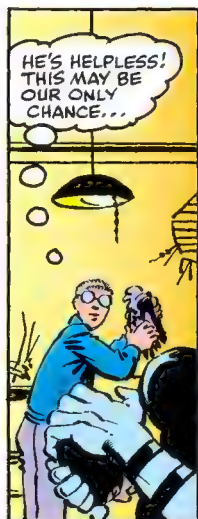
BUT CAN YOU DETECT A SINGLE COUGH IN THE OCEAN OF NOISE BELOW YOU?



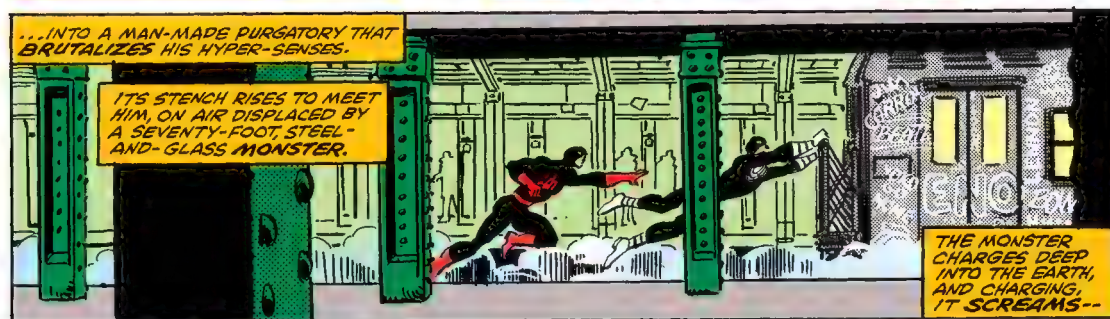
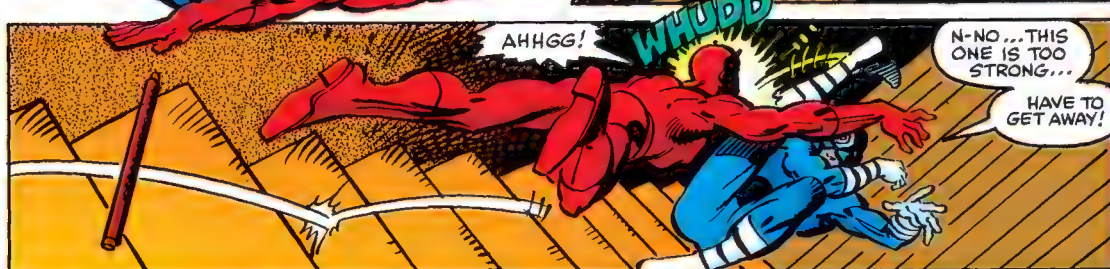
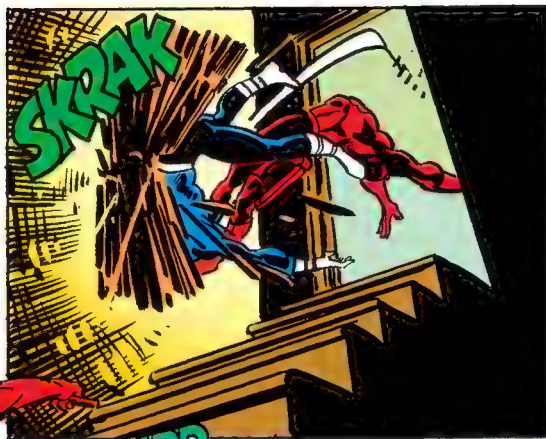
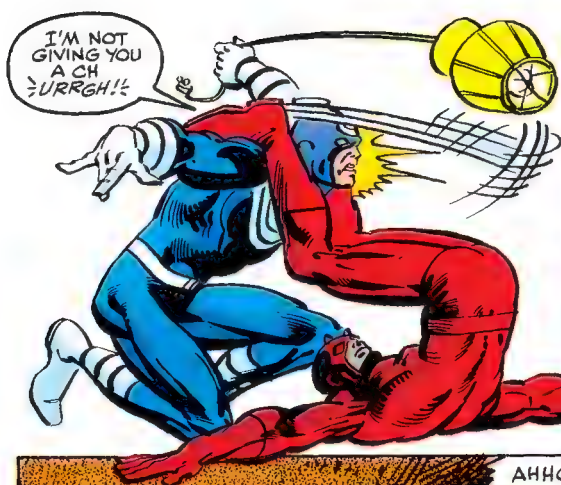








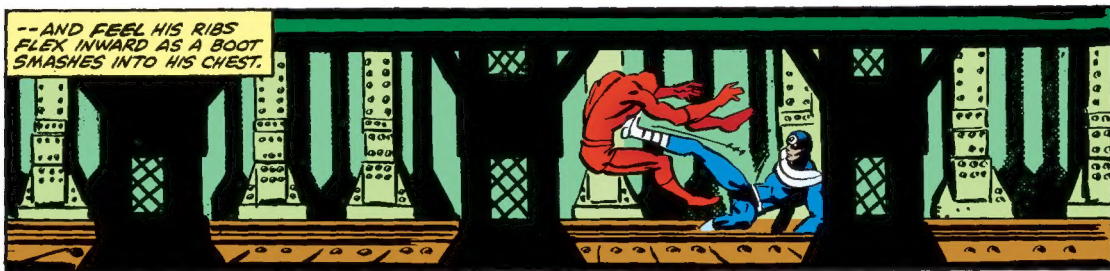








--DAREDEVIL CAN ONLY TASTE A SICKENING MIXTURE OF BLOOD AND DIRT--



--AND FEEL HIS RIBS FLEX INWARD AS A BOOT SMASHES INTO HIS CHEST.



EVEN HIS RADAR SENSE FAILS HIM.

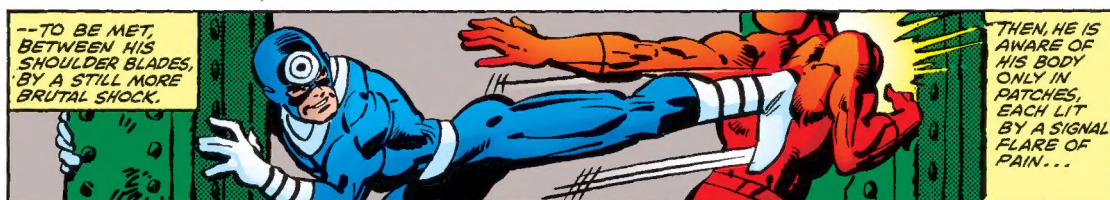
AS EVER, THE WAVES FLOW FROM HIS BRAIN, PROBING THE WORLD ABOUT HIM, BUT THE DESCRIPTIVE SIGNALS RETURN TO A BRAIN THAT IS STUNNED, CONFUSED...

HIS FOE ELUDES HIM.



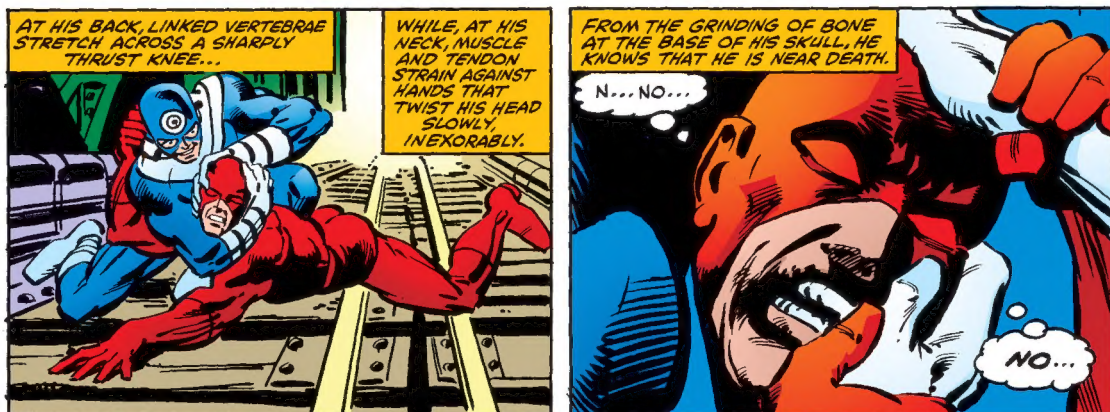
DESPERATE NOW, DAREDEVIL SWINGS WILDLY, HOPING FATE WILL GUIDE HIS BLOW.

IT DOESN'T. FLESH AND BONE COLLIDE WITH UNYIELDING IRON AND THE IMPACT SHUDDERS UP HIS ARM--



--TO BE MET, BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES, BY A STILL MORE BRUTAL SHOCK.

THEN, HE IS AWARE OF HIS BODY ONLY IN PATCHES, EACH LIT BY A SIGNAL FLARE OF PAIN...



AT HIS BACK, LINKED VERTEBRAE STRETCH ACROSS A SHARPLY THRUST KNEE...

WHILE, AT HIS NECK, MUSCLE AND TENDON STRAIN AGAINST HANDS THAT TWIST HIS HEAD SLOWLY, INEXORABLY.

FROM THE GRINDING OF BONE AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL, HE KNOWS THAT HE IS NEAR DEATH.

N... NO...

NO...



